$10.

3 THE HARD WAY

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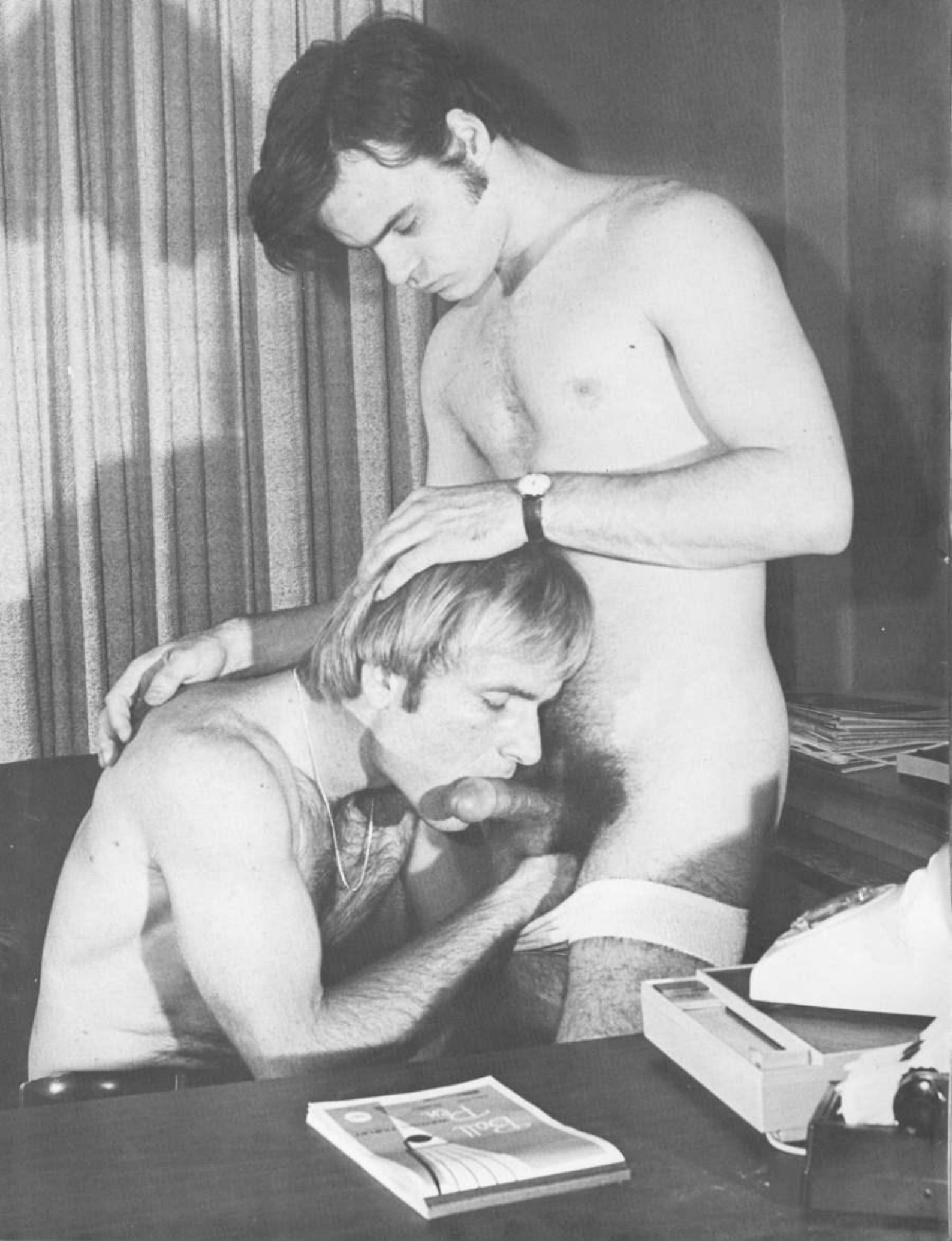

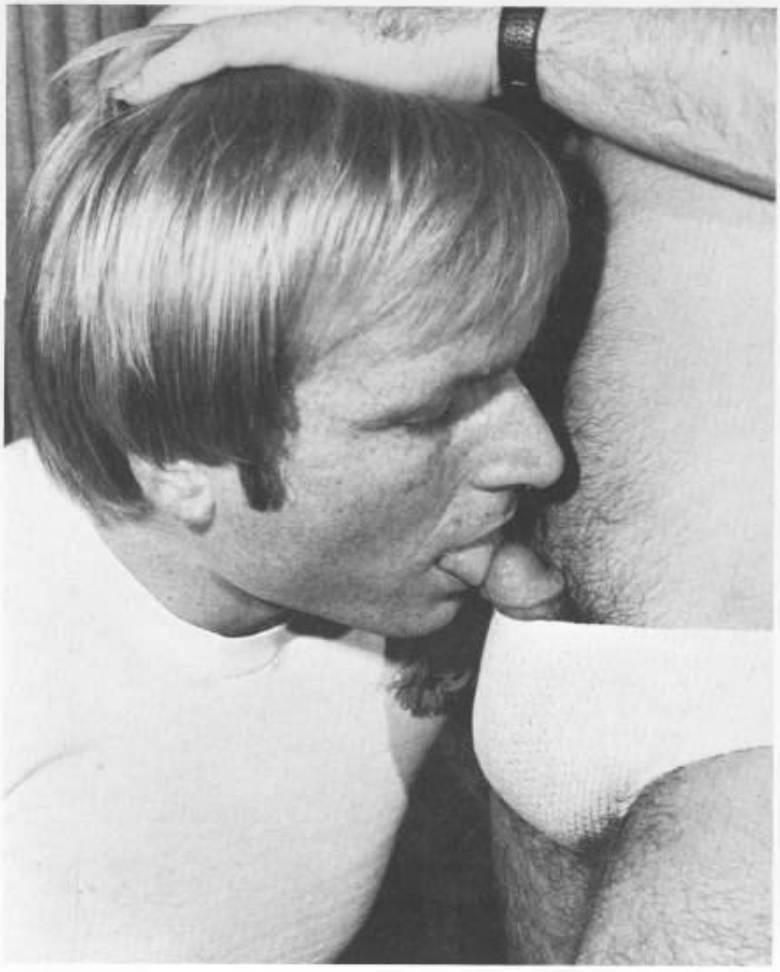

Down For The Third Time

as told by JACK CRAMER
to FRANK GOLOVITZ

I wonder if anybody ever really gets to know his cock? To know how it's going to respond, when it's going to shoot its juices like Vesuvius erupting, and when that little bit of precious pale fluid is going to ease out so slowly you have to look to see if you've cum, unless your partner lets you know about it right away?

I know that some of the wildest fucks I've ever had have resulted in just a nice-feeling ooze, and other times, the whole sex scene seems mediocre, and then I jet off like crazy, and feel it from my toes clear up to the inside of my skull, which feels like its going to fly off. It doesn't make sense. But maybe it doesn't need to. I guess when we come the closest to our primitive selves, we're reduced to nothing but the jetting, the excited spurting, and all the rest, our hands and feet, our really precious image and intellect, all that is civilized veneer, while the real core of our being is a prick spurting. . . .

And on those rare occasions when we can spurt pleasurably with a guy we really like, and at the same time receive his great good jet into the depths of our own being—I guess that's when we come the closest to getting in touch with eternity, the great river of life, to forgetting our silly individuality, and all our pointless daily concerns.

All of which leads up to how I feel about Gene Drake. It seems the same today as that first time I met him—and I don't intend to go into *that* story today. I've told you that one before. Anyhow, we've been together for six months, and the newness doesn't seem to wear off. Gene looks as exciting to me, and acts as wonderfully crazy as that first time. And he still seems like the sweet, naive and romantic 24-year-old who didn't know that a prick was good for anything other than pissing.

I've never lived with a guy for anything like six months before, but I've had a dozen lovers long enough for the newness to wear off, terrific looking guys who after the first few weeks I couldn't stand the sight of, couldn't even

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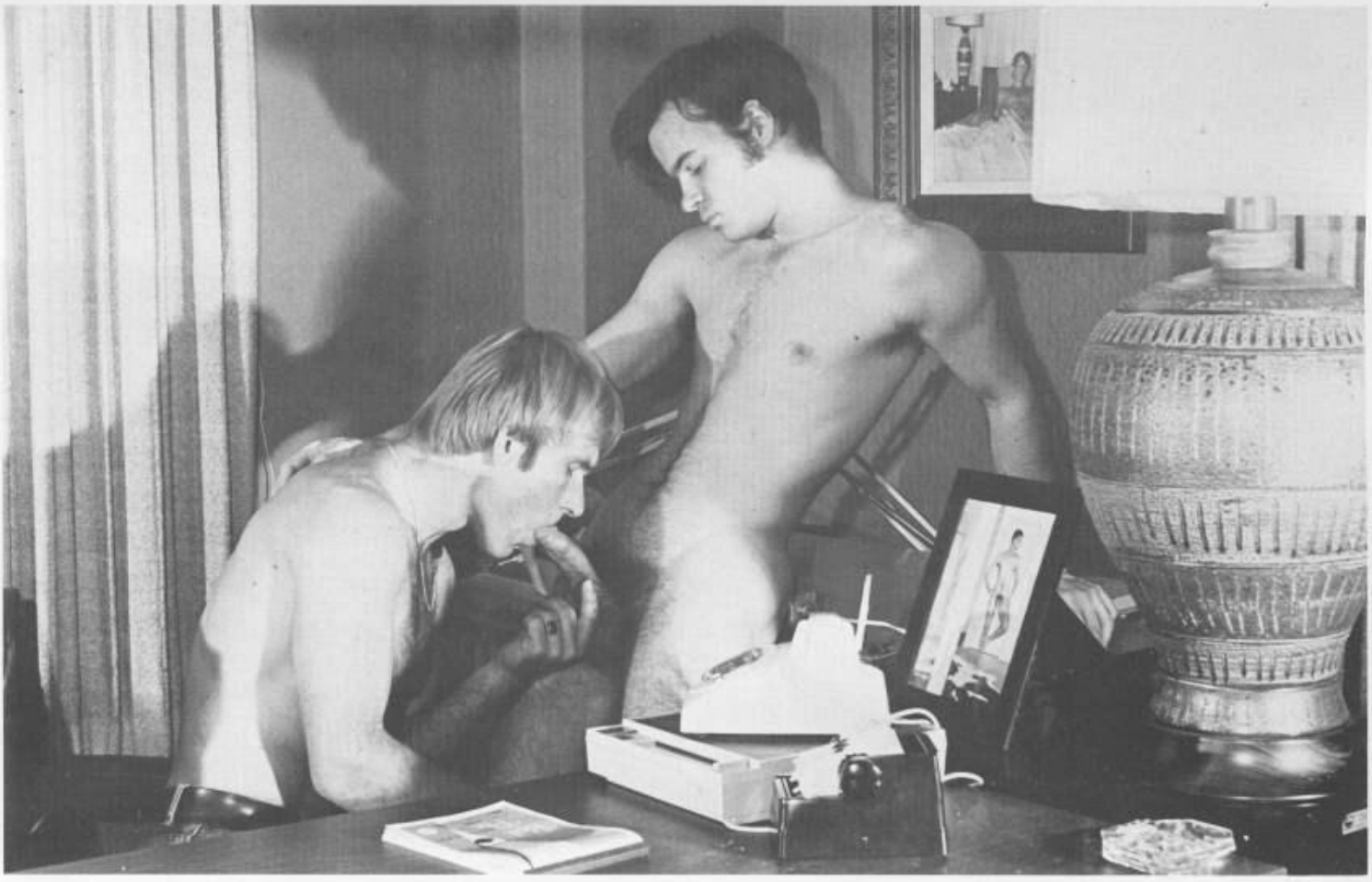

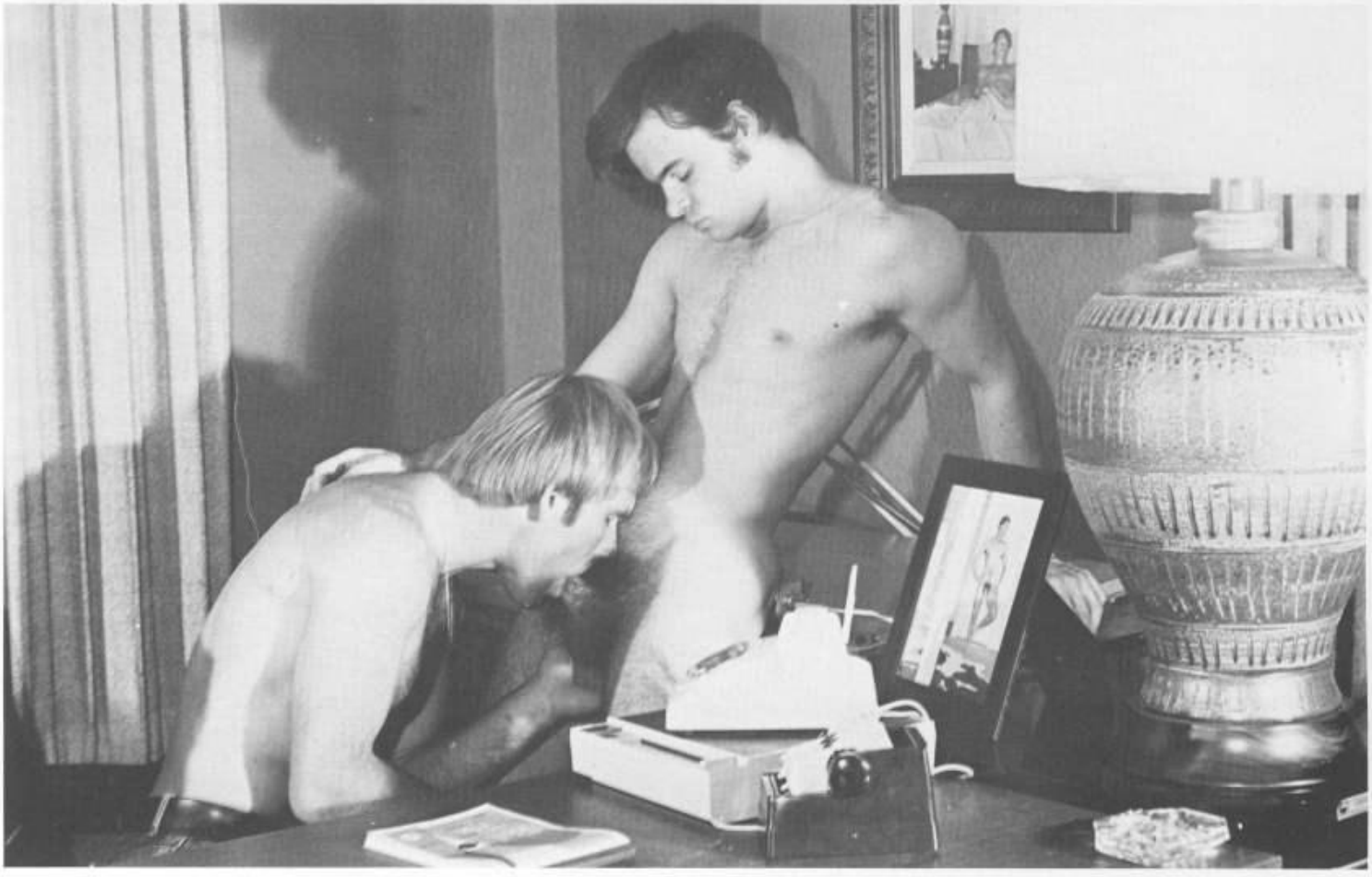

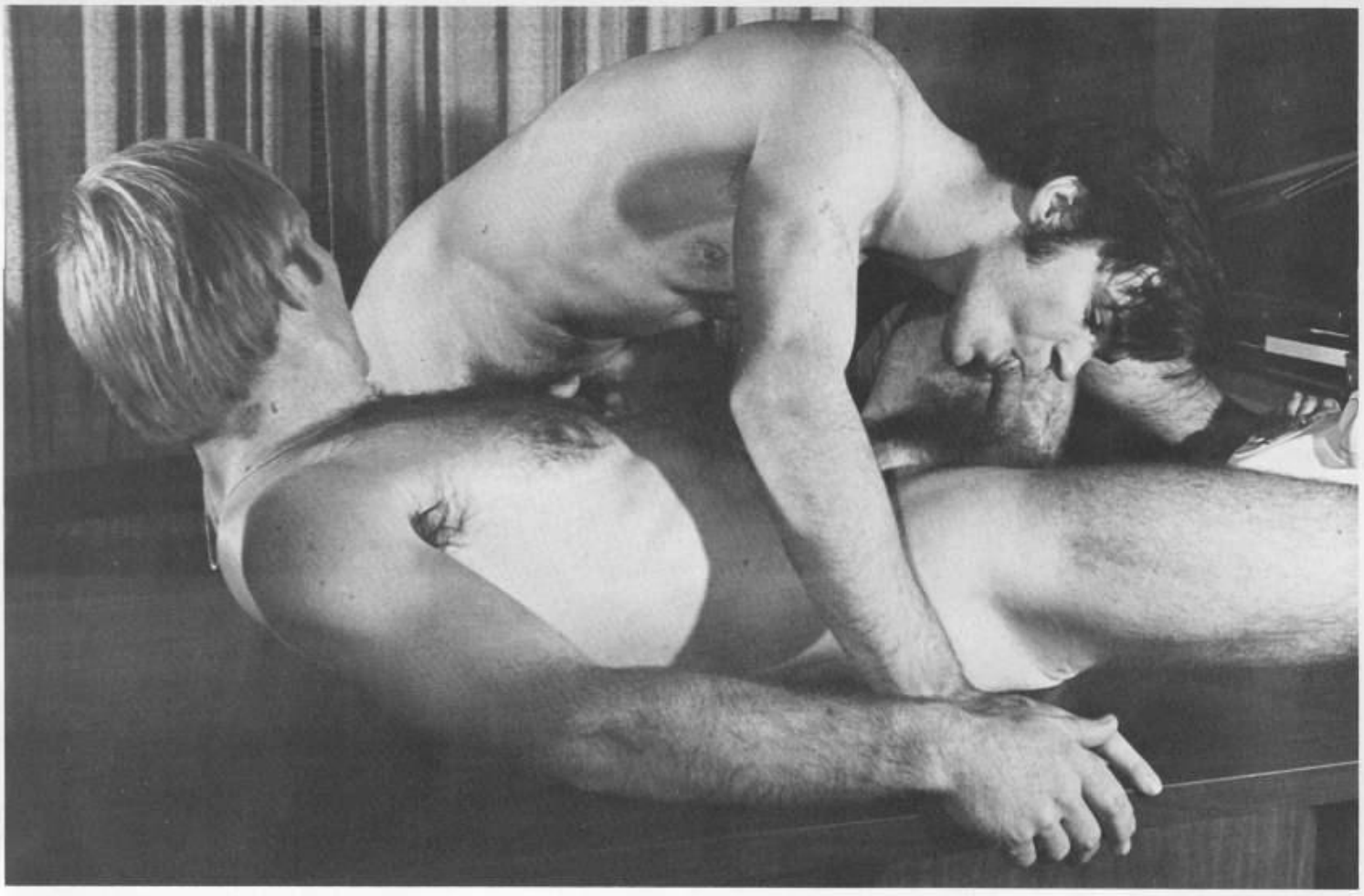

see in their face or build what it was that had attracted me in the first place. And all the interests we'd shared, that had made it so exciting that first night, were things I'd grown quickly bored with.

Not with Gene. Not at all. We didn't seem at first to have much in common except for the fact that we each like the other's looks—liked is far too mild a word—and that poor bastard was as hungry for a lover without having had the least idea what to do about it. But, we grew together. There's no other way to say it.

So I came home one day after I'd left him tied by a dog leash to my bed—it was a standing joke with us, and even though his kidneys were busting, we hug and kiss—in no hurry at all, before he asked my permission to relieve himself. . . .

And then he's back quick, all over me and my cock so hot it almost burns between my legs. And I'm wondering once again how we even got into that dog-collar game.

It was just a joke I made the morning after our first session:

"Look out I don't put a dog collar on you."

And he'd said, "You got a dog collar, Jack, I'll wear it!"

But now it's like, for me at least, our experience is on a plateau, and the dog collar doesn't seem necessary—if it ever was.

Yes, it's a great thing to know he's home waiting, that he'll be waiting for me whenever I get home, that he loves me enough to go through that sort of restraint and discomfort. But the thing still makes me feel ashamed. I don't demand it of him. . . .

Well, there are times when a fireplace comes in handy. There aren't many of them in this area, so when you have one, you appreciate it. Especially on cool nights.

This was a cool one, so we lit a big fire, cuddled up in front of it, me pullin gently on the leash.

Teasing, I asked, "Is it only this that keeps us attached?"

"You know it isn't," Gene said, his eyes sparkling.

"Then take it off and hand it to me, then turn over on your belly."

He did. He always did just about anything I told him.

Holding both the collar and the grip, I gave his buttocks a stinging slap with the doubled leash, watched as a red welt rose clear across his butt.

"I like just about anything you do to me," he said, wincing a little, "though generally I can't say I'm partial to getting my ass stung. But if you want to do it, I'll enjoy it."

"Do you like this leash?" I asked, giving him a harder slap.

"I like what it symbolizes—about what you mean to me."

"Do you think you could dem-

onstrate that, and still feel that way, without the leash?" Another slap and another red welt.

"Ouch!" he yelped, half in anger this time. "I really don't like that, Jack."

I bent over and ran my tongue over the angry welts, putting the leash back in his hand. "Burn this," I said, "and let's see if you and me are enough without it."

We watched while the leather burned, held our noses while it stunk up the apartment, and then I salved his asscheeks and fucked him.

* * * *

His butt was still raw next morning, and I took the day off work.

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We went out to the beach and the salt water was good for his sore rump, then back at the apartment I had him strip me down by the bar, had him suck me the same way he'd done it that first night.

"You don't have to play bottom man," I said, "unless you like *it better that way.*"

I had to explain what a bottom man was, how by accident we'd fallen into a sort of master and slave role, and how I'd be glad to go along with that if he wanted it that way, but how I'd like it even better if we were equals.

He had to think about it a while, then the big beautiful lunk tackled me and we went sprawling across the room, after which he pinned me down and fucked my ass (he came four times) till the hole was raw. Caught me off guard, but I liked it, chiefly because I figured that after a while we'd settle down to an even keel.

But Gene was still in trajectory, and not at all ready to settle down yet. He stripped the belt out of my pants and paid me back for the still sore rear end I'd given him. And I think the bastard enjoyed doing it as much as I enjoyed taking it.

That scared me. His sudden snatching of the master role made me realize that I could really enjoy being bottom man, a lot more than the other. But that wasn't a game I was ready to play, so with him twisting my arm till I thought he'd break it, holding his dripping cock over my nose, I begged him to lay off, and finally, winded and satisfied, he did, and we went back to the more ordinary kind of sex—which is what I prefer—or I think I do.

Not so ordinary after all. It isn't everybody likes to do it straddling a high chair, or the other crazy positions we got into, but it was fun. And it was fun the next night again after I came back to work. And the day after that, and after

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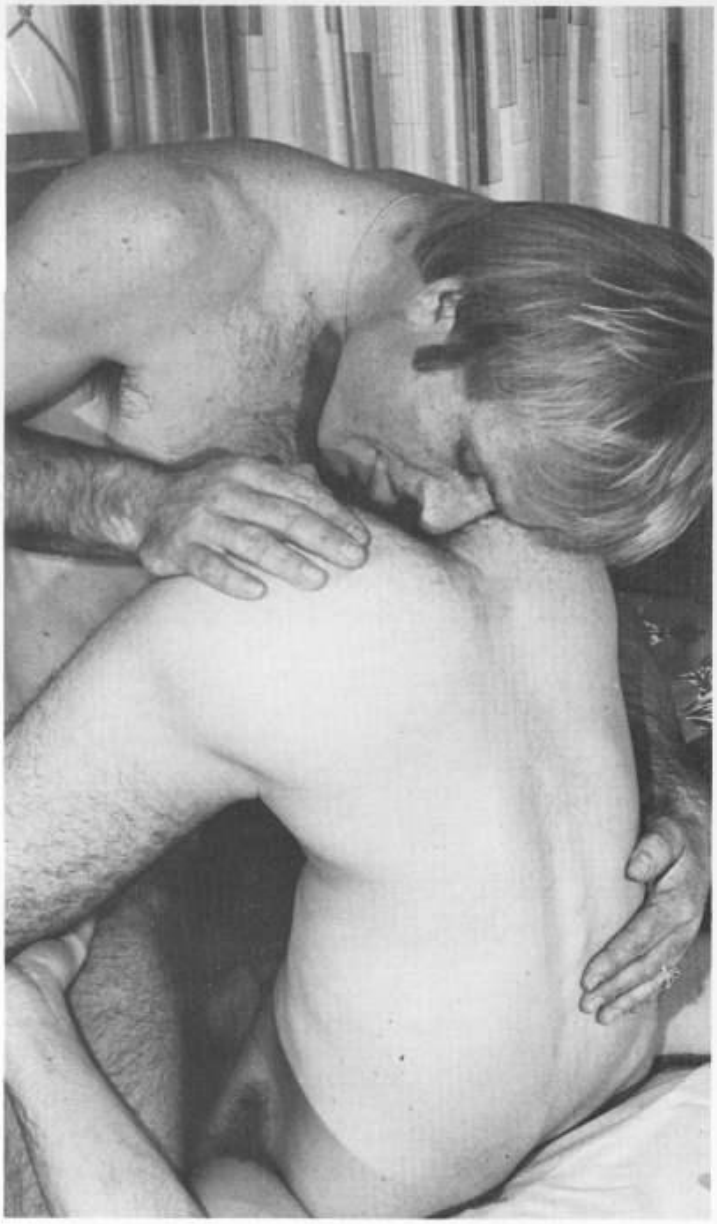

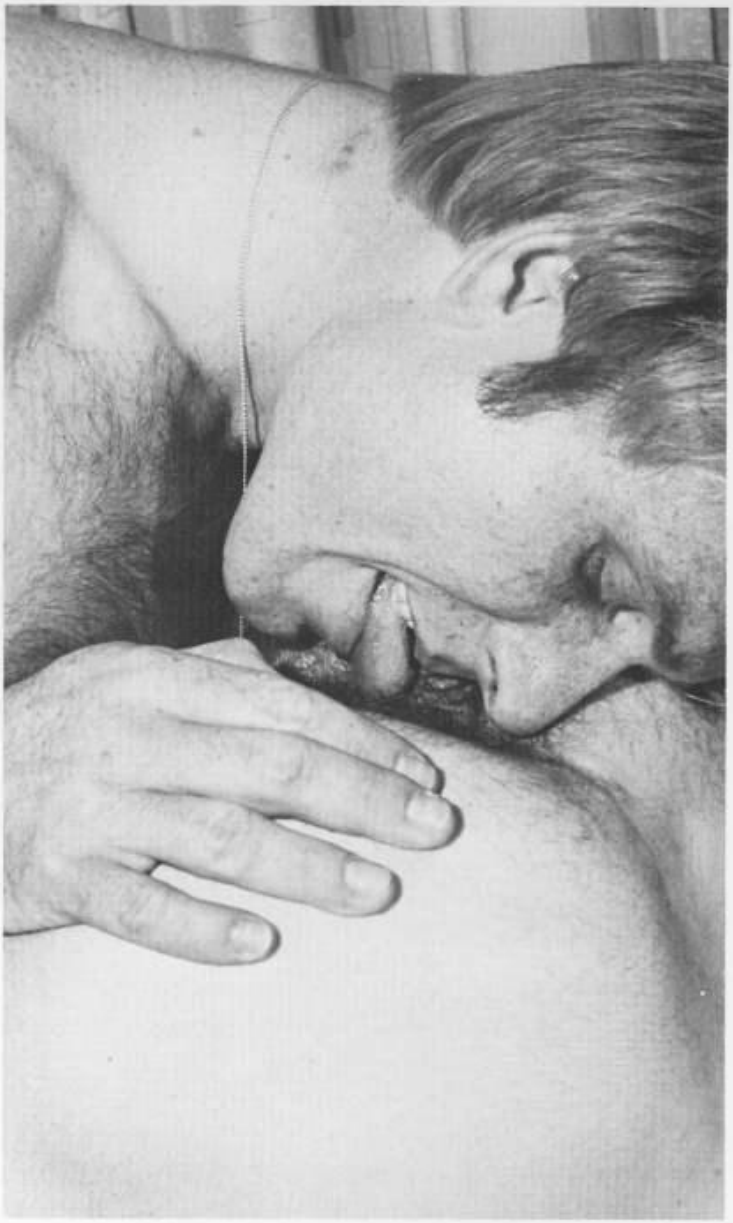

that.

But without any slackening off on the way I felt about Gene, something seemed to be missing. It was fun. It was good, but it wasn't quite enough. Something had been stirred up that had changed what I expected.

I caught an inkling of it every time we did a little wrestling—though Gene didn't push that, since I objected.

He got a job, and that made him feel a lot more self-confidence, especially after he got to be making a lot more than I was.

It went on for another month, and the dissatisfaction was gnawing at me, and then one day I went out and bought another dog

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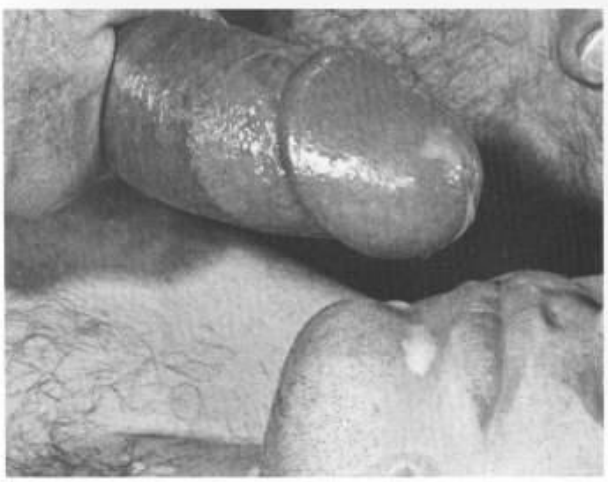
collar and leash. I gave notice on my job that day, then rushed back to the apartment and waited for Gene.

I handed him the leash when he stepped inside the door. The collar was already on my neck. . . .



Hard To Handle

As told to
FRANK GOLOVITZ

He stands on the street, dark, nervous, handsome, the black hairs on his forearms riveting my eyes—I will be his virgin. . . .

How dark his eyes are! His hair! I always imagined I'd be carried off, playing Ganymede to some blond Viking, but this is the one I want to pluck me, fresh from the tree. . . .

Will he like me? He certainly seems interested. Will he think I'm just a silly kid? I can hear Poppa now saying I'm not even dry behind the ears yet. I hope his voice doesn't sound anything like Poppa's. I can't feel any dampness behind my ears, and my cock is hard and aching for this stranger with his dark visage. . . .

What should I say to him? How do I tell him what I want?

I feel like a whore standing here waiting for him to approach me. . . . Imagine! The son of Martha and David Peters a common whore! If I just had a big red purse to swing, I'd walk right up to him and say, "Hi, baby!"

He's walking this way! So handsome, so philosophical looking, so serious, so sure to think I'm a silly little nit. . . . Why am I putting myself down so? I'm not usually like that—it's just that I want this guy so very much. . . .

I think he's going to speak. . . . If only I don't cum in my pants. . . .

* * * *

This kid's even greener than I am! There can't be many of *them* around! But there's sure no doubt what he wants! I love that mop of hair—not too heavy—not too long—and that impish grin! It's usually the husky blonds that turn me on, but this is like magic. This is your lucky night, George Hill!

But my cock's so stiff I can't walk straight. I wish I could just

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swagger up letting it show, letting him know I'm turned on. . . .

* * * *

Hi! Nice night, isn't it? (Couldn't I think of something more original?)

Sure is. I love these warm nights with just a little breeze. (What else do I say?)

Just out for a walk?

Yeah . . . killing time.

Saw you standing there. I thought you looked lonesome. (I hope that isn't coming on too fast.)

Well, I am, kinda. All of my friends are out looking for chicks. . . .

And you want something different?

Um-hum. Girls give me a pain.

They're okay, as long as they stick to their own kind.

I was hoping I'd meet someone new, interesting. (That didn't sound right. It sounds like I'm saying he's not interesting.)

(Was that a lead, or a turnoff?) Likewise. Look, would you care to come over to my pad? It's just a block from here. We could talk, listen to some records if you want –do you like "Iron Butterfly"? . . . and have some coffee, tea or. . . .

Or me?

Well, yes. I'd like that best of all. Though what I'd meant to say was that as far as drinks go, I've got coffee, cokes, some wine, brandy, beer, but, hey, will you come over?

Sure.

* * * *

I wish I had a place like this–I mean where my folks weren't around keeping an eye on me all the time. (Maybe I shouldn't have

said that. He'll think I'm too young. And I'm so hot for him!)

I'm glad you put on "The Mikado." I think that's just wild! (Why did we have to end up sitting so far apart? He's such a shy person—but I like that.)

You have very soft hands, Robert. I like that.

Yours are hard, firm. And I like that.

That isn't all of me that's hard.

* * * *

Well, finally, we've got it started . . . his hand brushing over my chest, unbuttoning my shirt. Why didn't anybody ever tell me that one of the world's most exciting experiences was having another guy unbutton your shirt?

Oh! That's too much! No, don't stop, I like it, but go easy! I've never had anybody do that to me before.

* * * *

What do you keep hidden in here? Mind if I take a look?

The family jewels. And I put them on public display every Wednesday afternoon between 1 and 4.

I'd like to see them now.

I'm sure a private showing would be possible.

Yes, do show me your privates.

Oh! Oh, how crazy that feels!

You've never been sucked before?

Nope. I'm pure virgin wool.

* * * *

He's a mouthful—that's for sure! Up and down, give him some teeth, not too much . . . just work the head easy, jabbing the tongue-tip at the tiny hole. Such a sweet, innocent kid, but saucy too. He's still shy and a little uptight, but he'll be real fun as soon's he loosens up. I wish I could loosen up so easily. Bet he'll turn into a real tease. . . . Down all the way on it now. Glad I don't gag like some guys. It's something I really enjoy doing. . . .

* * * *

Oh man! I never knew that would feel so good! You hear guys talk about getting sucked off, but they all talk as if it was nothing special—and it's like WOW! Is he ever good at it! I can't wait to get hold of his thing and return the favor. . . .

And his hands, not heavy hands, almost delicate shaped, but firm, hard—they feel so awful good running all over me. His hands are calloused enough, you'd think he'd have a coarse touch, but he can make them feel like a feather, then run them down my leg so firm it sends sparks all through me, feels warm and exciting and reassuring all at the same time. But I can't wait to get hold of his cock!

* * * *

Oh baby! You may not have sucked anybody off before, Robert, but you're a natural-born ex-

pert, believe me!

I guess you've had lots of guys do it to you?

Not really. I'm usually the wallflower type when I go to a gay bar. I don't usually have nerve enough to grab the guys that turn *me* on, and I'm not usually too happy about the ones that make a grab for me. And that whole scene depresses me anyway. . . .

Do I turn you on?

Robert, no one I've met in the last few years has turned me on more.

That's good, cause that's the way I feel about you too. Hold out your forearms. I want to feel them.

What for?

I'm for hairy forearms. . . .

Sometimes I feel like shaving it all off. I did once. But you get used to it. It turns a few guys on, but it seems to me it turns more guys off.

Don't shave it off again, please. I like it.

I could shave it all off and let you have it. . . ?

Oh no! The hair wouldn't mean that much, not by itself. It's the

way it looks on *you.*

So I could wrap up my forearms and you could take them home.

I want the *whole* package, even if there are certain parts I'm especially partial to. Also, I'm not sure I could take you home just yet. . . .

Well, Robert, except for the time I have to spend studying, you can come over here as often as you want and have the whole package, as you put it.

Do you know how to fuck a guy?

I've had a little experience, why?

Well, you show me what you know, and if you're at all good at it, I might take you up on that offer.

Okay, baby. Turn over on your back and raise your legs as far as you can. . . .

Hey, what're you doing now?

It's called rimming, love. But I can't really do a good job of it and talk at the same time—this should make it easier for the next act.

The Way To A Man's Hard

As told by
MIKE WAGNER
To FRANK GOLOVITZ

I'd only been working for Chicken Delight, delivering chicken dinners to people's homes, for a week when I met Rudy Purcell, and our meeting started out like a big bust. I mean, like everybody else I know has a front door that opens IN, but not Rudy Purcell. He likes doing things different—he even has a wall clock specially fixed so the numbers and the motion of the hands are all backwards—just to get a rise out of visitors.

But you'd think a guy who'd hung his front door so it swings OUT instead of IN would have the presence of mind to open it with care—especially when someone like me is coming along with a

ordered chicken dinner and a special order of gravy. Well, I won't drag that part of the story out, except to say that I got hot gravy all down my shirt and pants. At least they were washable, and Rudy, who had a big, comfortable house—he being a successful writer—had a washer-dryer, so since it was my last delivery anyhow for this route, I phoned the dispatcher and said I'd had an accident and would be delayed for about two hours. (Chicken Delight dispatchers are used to that. All sorts of distractions seem to come up for delivery boys.)

So I put my clothes in the washer and paraded around his apartment bare-ass naked, not failing to notice that he was appreciative of what he saw, so I was careful to let him see all there was.

He said he wanted to go on working on the story he was writing, that is after he finished eating the part of his dinner that hadn't spilled all over me, and he kept bitchin jokingly that he really wanted the extra gravy, so I said that I thought there was still some gravy on the front of me, and that was what got it all started.

I don't think his tongue found any gravy on me (he coulda done better for that with his towel, which was by that time layin over the side a his bathtub), but he said that I tasted better'n the company gravy anyway—more like chicken—and I told him I was far from being chicken, but that he wasn't the first guy that'd called me finger-lickin good. He said he didn't think that was a Chicken Delight slogan. And all this time his tongue was givin me pure delight that not even the Kentucky Colonel could've matched.

By the time he got to my drumstick, I was sitting on his lap, wanting to stay there forever, forgetting all about how I was expected back on the job. And I guess Rudy forgot all about the urgency of finishing his story. He was too busy getting my gravy to make up for what he'd spilled on me. And since my container was good and full beforehand, I gave him a generous serving. . . .

After which I remembered about my clothes, and went out back to transfer them to the dry-

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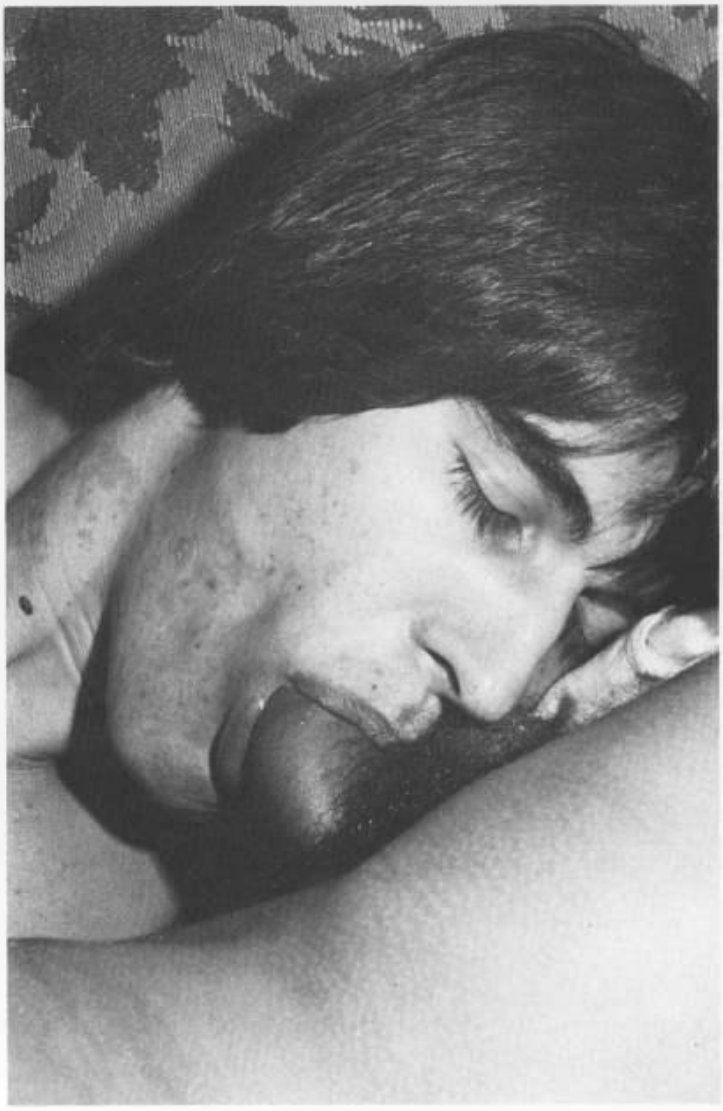

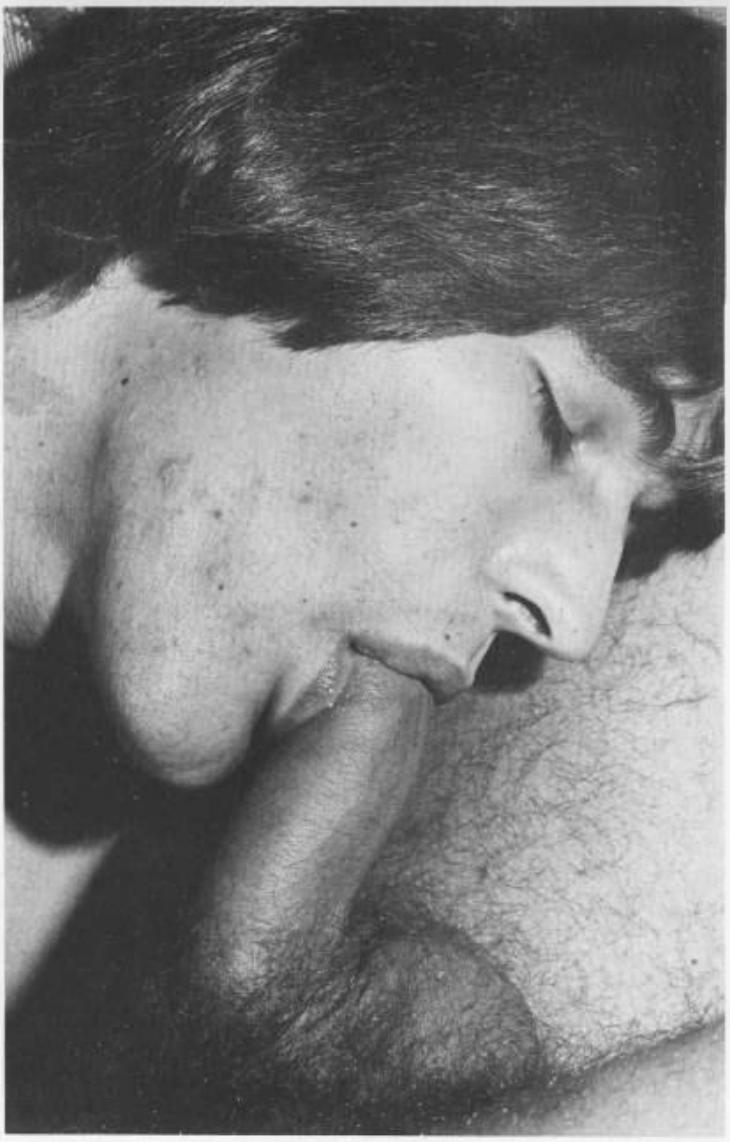

er. The washer only takes a half hour, but they musta been sitting, already done, for at least 25 minutes more, and the dryer'd take a full hour—if I remembered to get back to it at that time.

I was more concerned to get back to Rudy, and to what I'd felt prodding at me through the material of his trousers while I sat on his lap. I was a hot rodder back home in St. Louis, and that was one rod I was determined to ride!

He was pecking half-heartedly at his typewriter when I got back to his study. He still looked flushed from the exertion of sucking me off—I'll sure say he put plenty spirit into it—gave me more head than I'd ever had from anyone else. I was anxious to show him I could do a first-rate job too. But I wanted his cock for its own sake—not to just show off how fine a cocksucker I could be.

I haven't said anything about the guy himself. It's like—you

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know—sometimes you're so overawed, what can you say? Everything about him was super: I dig writers, I liked his pad (eight whole rooms, not counting patio and pool, walk-in closets, two baths, two-car garage and all that), his looks drove me wild (like I'm not absolutely sure whether he shoved that door into me making me spill the gravy, or whether I dropped it when I got my eyes on him)—that solid build and dark, rugged face, everything about him was like I'd ordered my dream man out of a catalogue. And I didn't mind at all the fact that he looked at me like a choice morsel. The thought had already crossed my mind no less than 23 times that maybe he might have a spare bedroom somewhere in that big house—but after a look and a good, relaxed feel of his king-size bed, I decided that maybe a spare bedroom wouldn't be the best arrangement after all.

Well, surprises be! If he wasn't making that kind of suggestion exactly while I pulled his tee-shirt up over his head and sat down to feast myself on the finest drumstick I've worked on in many a moon. I sucked and blew, ran my tongue around the head and up and down the shaft, gave him a bit of teeth, swallowed the whole thing (I had to dislocate my jaw to do it—but I have a knack for that) and bobbed my head all over while he was plunged into me past my Adam's apple, and while my fingertips were gentling up and down the inside of his thighs, which happens to be one of the most sensitive spots on the human body.

He was beside himself with enjoying it, insisting that I move in with him—or stay there—right that night, and that I needn't even go back to Chicken Delight at all unless I'd left something there I especially wanted. (I hadn't.) But Chicken Delight had Rudy's phone number, and since his ad-

dress was my last known location, they were on the phone before I'd finished my blow job. Rudy gave them a cock-and-bull yarn about how I'd slipped on his doorstep and hurt my head, and how I was sleeping it off, and how I'd check in with them later, and while he was telling my dispatcher (my ex-dispatcher, I guess) all that wild bullshit, he flooded my throat with hot gravy, and nearly cracked my jaws when his cock suddenly seemed to double its already appreciable size while he was cumming!

Looking up at his backwards clock, I commented that it was time my clothes were dry, and he said if I was in a hurry to put them on, go ahead, but that he hoped that I'd stick around a while.

Phrasing it that way gave me a couple missing heartbeats. He'd already invited me to stay for a good bit longer than that. It wouldn't have been the first time a guy had talked about making it permanent with me, only to shove me politely out the door as soon as we'd finished fucking. Well, what the hell, I didn't have any claim on him. If Rudy gave me the "love-em-and-leave-em" treatment, I'd certainly take it hard, but at least I still wanted to enjoy the session to the fill while it lasted. I was never one to spoil a good scene by crying in advance over the fact it might not last forever. Live each moment for its own sake, and hope that the future will be as good is my philosophy. Besides, I wasn't at all sure that he'd meant to say that he was expecting me to stick around only for another hour or so. . . .

And the next thing he did sure didn't sound like that—even though he made a joke of it.

"Cavemen used to grab a bride by the hair and drag her off to their lair. I think it's more sophis-

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ticated to carry the bride over the threshold. You don't mind being referred to as a bride, do you?"

I don't at all, and told him I'd been done up regally for two mock gay weddings, and had always had a yearning to really do it serious-like sometime. "I love having a handsome, husky guy treat me like a lady, so long as I can remind him every once in a while that I'm a full-fledged male too."

"I've discovered that already," he laughed, a low, warm laugh that tingled my spine, "and that combination is what makes you so deep-down exciting to me."

He picked me up and carried me to his long couch, and we must have played around there for a couple hours—with a lot more gravy passing back and forth and each of us exploring the other all over, finding the especially sensitive spots, hugging, tickling, sucking, kissing, rimming, teasing, biting, talking, and at one point, Rudy coming out with the old line: "Come live with me and be my love. . . ."

And me finishing it, "And we will all the pleasures prove."

And finally, him behind me, his great handsome brown shoot prodding into my sphincter, and me riding that prod like a bucking bronco. I didn't give him a chance to fuck me exactly—that first time—I kept my ass moving all over the bed until I'd taken his stuff three times, then I settled down, pinching my buttocks hard to hold his softening cock prisoner, and we went to sleep. I forgot to mention that we'd moved to his bed sometimes before that, and he fucked me 27 times in all before I dragged my beautifully sore ass out of that bed (not counting a few visits to the john) three days later. . . .

How many months have I been here? I've lost track of the time, but I could give you a blow-by-blow score of some things we've done in the meantime. . . .

3 THE HARD WAY

1

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS